

The People's Press.

VOL. XX.

SALEM, N. C., OCTOBER 24, 1872.

NO. 43.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, \$2.00
Six months, \$1.00
Three months, .75

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines or one inch space, or less, to constitute a square.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50

Contract advertisements will be charged higher than the regular rates.

Special Notices charged 50 per cent. higher than ordinary advertisements.

Liberal deductions made by special contracts, to large advertisers.

Winter Reading!

The long Winter evenings are approaching, and we are making arrangements to publish a good

POLITICAL AND

Family Newspaper

adapted to the wants of

THE PEOPLE

in this section of country.

The People's Press.

NOW IN ITS

Twentieth Year,

SHALL BE A

WELCOME VISITOR

TO THE

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Should sufficient encouragement be received, improvements will be made in

The People's Paper

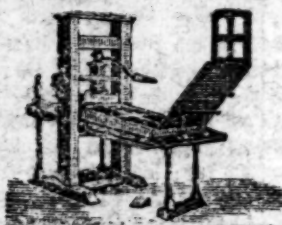
Let each of our present subscribers procure an additional twelve month subscriber, and insure the intended improvement at once.

ESTABLISHED 1827!

THE OLD

FRANKLIN

PRESS.



PLAIN AND FANCY

BOOK & JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE

AT THE BOOK STORE

NEAT WALNUT WORK BOXES at low prices

TRANSPARENT SLATES, three sizes.

Cheap Port Folios, Paper Window Shades,

Fireboard Prints, Wall Paper,

INITIAL PAPER, Rose Tint, and Ornamented.

Magill's Paper Fasteners.

New Ink Eraser—the best thing out.

Good and cheap Writing Paper.

Blank Account and Record Books.

Wordsworth's

and many other articles in our line.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

March 31, 1871.

Dick's English Classics.

The Cheapest Books

ever Published.

Shakespeare.....50 cents

Byron.....50

Scott.....25

Goldsmith.....25

Burns.....25

Milton.....25

Cowper.....25

Wordsworth.....25

Moore.....25

At the BOOK STORE.

A GREAT OPERATION.

"Say, John, didn't that woman go away crying?"

"She was sniffling a bit," answered John Gleddin, slipping around from behind his counter.

"I should call it crying," said George Austin, the first speaker. "What was it?"

"Why—fact is, old fellow, she pawned a brooch here a few weeks ago, and just now she wanted to redeem it; but the time was more than up, and I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do it; why not?"

"Why—bless your soul! The brooch was pearls and garnet in one of the finest settings I ever saw—the pearls pure oriental, and the garnet like a crimson ruby."

"And how much had you advanced on it?"

"Ten dollars."

"And it is worth—"

"Fifty at least."

"And every likely it was a keepsake."

"So she said. But it isn't safe to believe the stories of the poor creatures that come to pawn jewelry. She had her needs and I have my rules. She knew the rules before she left the brooch, and she had no business to come back for it after the time was up."

John Gleddin and George Austin were cousins. George's mother had been a sister to John's father; but the mother and father were both dead, and John and George were orphans. George had learned the printer's trade, and was at present engaged upon a daily newspaper, while John had worked his way into a pawnbroker's office, and although five and twenty, had learned all the tricks of trade that can extort money from the poor and the needy. But John Gleddin did not do business under his own name. The man before him had used the name of Joshua Slurr, and this name John had used. "Joshua Slurr" appeared beneath the three golden balls over the door, and it was also upon the business cards; and furthermore, all his receipts and pawn tickets John signed "J. Slurr."

"I don't know, John," said George who was his cousin's junior by two years, after a season of reflection, "but I think I would rather plod on at my type case than be in your business."

"Pshaw! You're soft-headed. I tell you, George, I'm making money. You have no idea of the profit."

"For instance," said George, "you have made twenty dollars on that brooch."

"Ay—thirty."

"Well, I wouldn't have the weight of that poor woman's sobs and tears on my conscience for ten times that amount. 'So you see just how I feel!'"

"Pshaw!"

Shortly afterwards George Austin went away to the printing office, and as he was well into the evening, John made preparation for doing his business.

His jewelry into the safe, when the door of his office was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered—a good-looking man he was, and very respectably dressed, though his garb was much worn and considerably soiled, and smelled strongly of salt water.

"Is the proprietor in?" said the gentleman.

John nodded assent.

"Mr. Slurr, I think?"

John repeated his assenting nod.

"I am caught in a tight place," said the gentleman, with a grim and ghastly smile, as though a pawnbroker's shop was about the most uncomfortable place he selected in which to escape from his tightness. "I have just landed here in your city, and discover that my baggage, by the most ridiculous oversight on my part, has gone on to New York. In London I took a bill of exchange on Boston, and not only that, but a few five and ten pound notes on the Bank of England, which I had with me, are by this time in the distant metropolis. So I am forced (another grim, ghastly smile), to have recourse to an establishment where credit may be had upon a ready collateral."

John Gleddin bowed politely, and said he would be happy to be of service.

Then the gentleman took from his pocket a morocco case, upon opening which he exposed a gold watch. John took the watch and turned to the gas jet, and upon examining it he found it to be a masterpiece of one of the most celebrated Swiss makers—a stem-winder, full ruby jeweled, of most exquisite adjustment and finish. He knew that the first cost of that watch had been not less than three hundred dollars in gold.

"How much did you want on this?" he asked, returning the watch to the case.

"I want enough to get me safely to New York."

John started off upon the many and extreme risks of his business; but the gentleman stopped him abruptly.

"I ask you to run no risk on my account. I do not propose to sell the watch. I only wish to leave it with you as security for a very small sum. I have another just like it—I bought them as presents for two friends of mine, and would not sell them for ten times their value. Fifty dollars will answer."

John tried to cough down the idea of advancing so much, but the cough stuck in his throat.

"For how long do you want the fifty dollars?"

"For—say—two weeks."

Never mind the various dodges attending the transaction on the part of the broker. Suffice it to say that he at length counted out fifty dollars to his customer and took the watch; and the "trade" he termed it, stood thus: At any time within two weeks that gentleman could redeem the watch upon the payment of sixty dollars.

"Rather steep interest," said the elderly gentleman, with a smile far more grim and severe than any which had preceded it. John would have again explained the enormous risks of his business, but the customer would not listen.

"What name?" said John, holding his pen over his entry book.

"Put it down Simon Snibbs, if you must have a name."

So John put it down, and then he put the watch away, and the customer departed with the fifty dollars.

After the man had gone John Gleddin took out the watch and looked at it again. His eyes sparkled eagerly. Suppose any-

thing should happen to prevent the prompt redemption of the valuable pledge? The thought thrilled him through and through. The days passed, and a week passed. The days passed again, and another week had sped by.

At length the elderly gentleman returned and asked for his watch.

"What name?" asked John, professing to have forgotten.

"Snibbs—Simon Snibbs."

"Ah, yes. I remember. Let me see." And he looked over his book. "Really Mr. Snibbs, you must have made a mistake. I have no watch of yours."

"How, sir?" cried the customer in blank amazement. "Did I not leave with you a valuable gold watch as security for a certain sum which I borrowed of you?"

John smiled blandly.

"Not exactly as you put it, Mr. Snibbs. If you will refresh your memory, you will recollect that I bought the watch—that for value received you gave me a regular bill of sale—with the proviso, however, that if within two weeks from the date thereof you should pay to me the sum of sixty dollars in current funds, the watch should again become your property. The two weeks expired yesterday, sir."

"But sir. Will you—"

John put up his hand reprovingly.

"There is no need of going into a passion, my dear sir; you see just how the matter stands."

From a towering rage the old man descended to argument and explanation. He told how he had been detained in New York by an unavoidable accident, and how he had embraced the first possible opportunity to call for his watch.

"I had not worried much," he said, "because I had not thought that any man could be so consummately mean and— and cold-bloodedly heartless and vile as to rob me upon such a pretext."

At this John waxed wroth and ordered the man to leave the office.

And the old gentleman, evidently fearing that he should be led to the commission of some foolish outrage if he remained longer within the villainous influence, closed his lips tightly together and went away.

On the afternoon of that very day John Gleddin sold the watch to an agent of a Philadelphia house for \$275.

"Hi yah!" he cried, as George Austin dropped in during the evening. "Plod on at your type case, old fellow, plod on!"

"What's up, John?"

"The greatest operation I ever made—two hundred and twenty-five dollars in pocket at a single turn of the die—interest on fifty dollars for two weeks—What do you think of that?"

"If money were man's chief end," said George soberly—"if money were the chief source of happiness—I should say you were on the road. But you know my sentiments, and we won't argue the point. And besides, we haven't time. I came to see how that Uncle Moses was getting home."

"Uncle Moses!" cried John, clapping his hands.

"Yes. He has just arrived, and called on me this afternoon. He wants you, and I to come and see him at the Tremont this evening."

"Of course, we'll go and see him," said John, starting at once to put away his valuable. "The old fellow must be as rich as mud, and you and I are his only relatives."

"He is certainly rich," responded George quietly, "and we are his only relatives; but I don't think of that. I only remember how I used to love him in the old days, when my mother was alive, and he used to cheer and comfort her, and used to play with me under the great trees."

"And I remember," added John, "how he used to tell me that I ought to have my ears boxed because I robbed birds' nests, and stole apples and peaches from the neighbors' gardens. But that was a long time ago. I have forgiven him for that. I say, George, if he should take a fancy to us, we're in luck, ain't we? You won't say anything about—about—"

"About what?"

"I was going to say about my business; but never mind. Only those who have been behind the scenes know the crooks and turns."

"You need not fear that I shall say anything to your disadvantage, John. You'll find Uncle Moses just one of the jolliest and kindest-hearted men you ever saw."

And as John had looked his safe, and completed his toilet, the two cousins set forth. Uncle Moses Gleddin had been brother to John's father and George's mother, and for many years had been away in Europe engaged in responsible agencies for American houses and it was known that he had amassed a fortune. He had married in youth, but his wife had died leaving no children, and he had never been married again, so that the exorbitant nephews were not without foundation.

At length the young men had reached the hotel, and as George had been there before, he led the way.

"Uncle Moses," he said upon entering the room, where a genial-faced, smiling, portly, elderly gentleman arose to receive him, "this is John—John this is Uncle Moses."

John looked and turned pale as death.

Uncle Moses looked, and flushed like a scarlet rose.

"How—this—John?"

"Of course it is John, sir," said George, in answer.

"And not Joshua Slurr?"

"Oh," cried George, thinking that by some accident Uncle Moses might have seen John's face beneath the pawnbroker's sign, "that is the name of the man who was in business before him."

"And?" added Uncle Moses severely, "if I mistake not, it is the name under which he now does business for himself."

John Gleddin could not deny it, for he saw, in his Uncle Moses, the man from whom he had so meanly taken the valuable watch. He tried to say something but the words choked him; and he stood like a whipped cur before his relative. Finally, he mustered up courage to ask the old man to forgive him.

"I may forgive you," answered Uncle Moses, "but I cannot take you into my confidence just yet. I think you had better go home and sleep upon it. I had rather not talk of it now. The wound is too fresh."

John Gleddin was no more anxious to stop than his uncle was to detain him; and without further words took his departure. Once more at the office, he thought of the watch he had sold, and of the \$225 profit he had made; and the conviction was forced upon him that his great operation was likely to prove a very heavy settle upon his greater expectation.

And so it ultimately proved. Uncle Moses could not take the dishonest, unscrupulous nephew into his confidence; nor could John muster the impudence to claim the tender regards of one whom he had so meanly and so unrighteously wronged and abused. The result was, that the long true-hearted printer left his type-setting to assume the wealth which Uncle Moses deemed him worthy and well-qualified to enjoy. What the pawnbroker may gain in time we cannot say; but if he ever regains the confidence he has lost, it will be when he has shown by his works that he regards truth and honor as of more value than the sordid profits of such operations as have heretofore soiled his hands.

FOR THE PRESS.

The Truth.

Where shall the truth be found, and where is the place of understanding? has been the cry of all thinking minds since the knowledge of the truth was first lost in the superstitious of a race forgetting and forsaking the true fountain head, and seeking to bewilder themselves out broken cisterns that will hold no water.

The sea saith it is not with me; the depth saith it is not in me. Take the wings of the morning and search in the uttermost parts of the earth,—nothing, naught, the Truth is not there.

Ask the old systems of Philosophy, plead with Socrates, with Aristotle, with Plato, to explore with them the dim recesses of matter, to fathom the arcana of the universe! the Truth is not there. The Socratic philosophy is too purely cold and perfect for a poor sin-stained mortal; Zeno will tell you with Epicurean zeal, "Eat, drink, to-morrow you may die!"—the Stoic, with calm dignity, bids you "suffer and be strong;"—but the truth is this: where can it be found.

Turn you to the Shaster, the Zend-Avesta, Buddhist and Brahminical lore,—to the Koran of the devout Mussulman, all are but an empty mockery to the thirsty soul, and there is no *Elmest* that is veiled in terrible deeps, soulless obstructions.

Enter the paths of German Transcendentalism,—ask of Hegel, Fichte, Kant and Cousin,—all empty husks,—the intellect is pampered, the fancy tickled, while the poor heart is starved. Fly for your life,—the poison of asps is in their specious, smooth-tongue reasoning,—for the path of human philosophy lies through a dreary, barren region from which the light of Heaven is shut out, scorched, sandy wastes, yawning chasms where the sunshine of the presence is unknown, cold, material abstractions, and the end thereof is death.

O the depths of agony, untold depths of horror in which the poor soul is plunged! No life—no light! only the blackness of darkness, while Despair, with its raven croaking is flapping its sable pinions in the starry air.

Watchman! what of the night? And the answer comes pealing and reverberating down along the ages—"All is Well, the night is far spent, the day is at hand; behold the morning dawneth." A faint light, a soft, rosy flush, illumines the horizon,—the first promise of the dawn creeps up the eastern sky;—the bright and morning star arises out of Jacob,—and lo! the full-orbed Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in his wings.

The old systems of philosophy look wan and shrunken in this new-born light! like old cowed monks, the spirits of dead ages, they sink off and fade away in the purple mists of receding error.

Scarce had the angelic strains proclaiming "Peace on Earth and good will unto men," died away, ere this light began to glimmer in the hearts and minds of men.

How vast the difference between the gigantic demology of the East, and the pure and simple Redeemer of the West! "Socrates died like a philosopher—Jesus Christ like a God." Ay, he was God, very God and very man.

How like a glad "Triumph" ring out these words, "There is now therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect, it is God that justifieth. Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.

Well might Ambrose, the venerable church father, rejoice over Augustine who had just been converted and baptized, a mighty triumph of the Truth over Manichean error and heresy, when both broke forth in alternate strophes, in ascriptions of praise through the "Te Deum," which has from that day been the voice of the Church for 1500 years. "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord! All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting!"

As the storm-tossed, ship-wrecked mariner, after clinging first to one floating piece of wreck and then another, finds his feet firmly planted on a Rock, the Rock of Ages, so the soul, the earnest seeker after the Truth can rest securely.

As a hard fought field has been won over the powers of darkness, the conqueror of his brethren is cast down, and it hears the cheering words, I am the way, the Truth, and life. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Away from its God, away from its source, the human soul is adrift and a wreck. He who gave unto man this breath of life, and made him a living soul, only He who knows its needs, its weaknesses, and its vast capacities for good or evil, can ever fill the desires of the immortal soul.

We have been informed says the Franklin Patriot, that one of the largest and most enterprising farmers of this county last year saved enough clover-seed for his own sowing, sold enough to pay for all the dry goods used in his family, and received \$25 cash in addition. This is the way in which he did it: He put a wire bottom in a trough in which he fed his stock, the wire being two or three inches above the close bottom of the trough. The stock in pulling the clover hay from the rack would scatter the seed almost pure through the wire into the receptacle below.

Sowing Wheat and Seed per Acre.

There is a diversity of opinion as to whether drilling or broadcast sowing of wheat will produce the greater yield of grain. In England the best results have been reached by dibbling, or placing the grains at regular intervals over the field. It is accomplished by machines adapted to the purpose, and does not necessarily interfere with the after cultivation of the crop.

This system, on account of the cost of labor, is not practicable in the West, where land is cheap and labor scarce and high. And for these reasons but few experiments in dibbling have been instituted in this country, and those we believe not profitable.

Therefore our best farmers turn their attention to sowing the best seed, preparing the soil in the best possible manner. To this end, we should seek to secure clean seed, and that of uniform weight. It is important that it be soaked in strong brine, stirring it for about five minutes, skimming off all light grains and trash that may float. If the grain is smutty, it may be stirred somewhat longer, after which it should be drained, and intimately mixed with one bushel of pulverized quicklime to each twelve bushels of wheat. In England it is usual to soak the grain in a solution of sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, one pound dissolved in sufficient water to wet about four bushels of wheat being the quantity used. This besides destroying the smut, has the supposed effect to induce early germination; but if to destroy the germs of smut, the salt brine dried with quicklime is the surest remedy. In seeding with the drill, or broadcast sower, one quarter less seed should be used than by the ordinary broadcast method, and harrowing, since the former allows not only the perfect and equal distribution of seed, but also insures a uniform, perfect covering to the seed sown.

The quantity of seed usually sown per acre, varies according to the quality of the seed, and the experience of the various farmers, but the usual quantity sown on rich land is one and one-fourth bushels drilled, and one and a half bushels broadcast. If sown by hand, we should never sow less than two bushels per acre. In England much less than this quantity is often sown, and with excellent results, since their perfectly clean culture enables the crop to take exclusive possession of the soil and the tendency in the United States and Canada, among the best cultivators, is to use less seed than was formerly the rule.

A very nice experiment was instituted at the University of Wisconsin last year, by the Professor of Agriculture, Mr. Daniels, to test the question of the proper quantity of seed per acre. This test, however, showed a yield in proportion to the seed sown; the least quantity, three-fourths bushels, gives the least result, and the greater quantity, two bushels per acre, giving the greatest amount.

The experiment was as follows:

Three-fourths bushels of seed to the acre produced 263 pounds grain, or 17.53 bushels, or 820 pounds straw and grain.

One bushel produced 297½ pounds, 19.33 bushels or 899 pounds grain and straw.

One and one-fourth bushels produced 323½ pounds, 22.18 bushels, 1,146 pounds grain and straw.

One and one-half bushels produced 396½ pounds, 26.16 bushels, and 1,334 pounds grain and straw.

Two bushels produced 455½ pounds, 30½ bushels, and 1,412 pounds of grain and straw.

On poor land less seed.

On the plot where one and three-fourth bushels were sown, a local cause gave an unfair result, in each instance the weight per bushel was sixty pounds or more, the highest being in the plot where two bushels of seed were sown, which was sixty and a half pounds.

Farmer's Home Journal.

The Best Legacy.

O ye fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters growing up around you, do you ever think of your responsibility in this regard—your responsibility for keeping alive the home sentiment in the hearts of your children? Within the limit of your means, remember that the obligation rests upon you to make the word "home" to them the synonym for "happiness." I would not have you import the vices of the outside world into your homes for any purpose; but I would have you go to the uttermost verge of what is moral to provide at home those things which entice young and growing persons away from home. And let me assure you, that you had better spend your money in doing this, than in sustentation or luxury, and far, far better to spend it thus than to amass a fortune for your children to squander in the future. And not only as regards amusements, but also comfort and refinement—for children have a keen appreciation of these things—this is much the best policy. Don't send your boys to school in ill-fitting garments—color away and chafing the neck, buttons missing, and shoes down at the heels. Don't make a warehouse or clothes-press of his bed-room. Don't feed him on sour bread and tough meat and burnt coffee. Don't let noise and dissension and misrule spoil the hours he spends at home. Don't do any of these things if you can possibly avoid it; especially don't do them for the purpose of laying up money for his future use. The richest legacy you can leave him, is a life-long, unextinguishable and fragrant recollection of his home, when time and death have forever dissolved the enchantment. Give him that, and he will, on the strength of it, make his own way in the world; but let the recollections of home be repulsive, and the fortune you leave him will be a poor compensation for the loss of that tenderness and atmosphere of life which not only a pleasant home, but the very memory of one would. Remember this, too, that while he will never feel grateful for his money when once you are under ground, he will go to your green grave and bless your very ashes, for that sanctity of quiet, comfort, and refinement, into which you may, if you possess the means, transform your home.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated. The rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness, is one of the significant signs of the times.

Few families are now content with a single newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful—yes, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. The village newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents are eagerly devoured. Then comes the demand for the county news, state news, national and foreign news. Next to the political comes the literary, and then the scientific journals. Lastly and above all, come the moral and religious journals. This variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map, on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel, he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the very next thing after a family greeting, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

The newspaper is just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life, as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefoot boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child that is eager for newspapers. He will make the man of mark in after life if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal, it is a rule that never fails. Give the children newspapers.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

NATIONAL REFORM TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

HORACE GREELEY,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

B. GRANT BROWN,
OF MISSOURI.

Election for President and Vice-President.

For the State at Large,

T. J. JARVIS and E. W. POW.

First District.—Octavius Coko, of Chowan.

Second District.—Swift Galloway, of Greene.

Third District.—T. C. Fuller, of Cumberland.

Fourth District.—H. A. London, Jr., of Chatham.

Fifth District.—D. F. Caldwell, of Guilford.

Sixth District.—W. L. Steele, of Richmond.

Seventh District.—F. B. McDowell, of Iredell.

Eighth District.—Thomas D. Johnston, of Buncombe.

MASS MEETING.

There will be a Grand MASS MEETING of the Conservatives at WINSTON on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

Distinguished speakers will be present to address the people.

BARBECUE.

There will be a Barbecue at DANBURY, Stokes County, on the 31st OCTOBER.

Able speakers are invited for the occasion. An immense gathering of people is expected.

Appointment of Sub-Electors.

HEADQUARTERS CON-DEM. EX. COMMITTEE, 5th Congressional District, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 25th, 1872.

The following Sub-Electors have been appointed for this District:

Alamance—James A. Graham, Dr. D. A. Montgomery, E. S. Parker, Thomas M. Holt, and Geo. Patterson.

Caswell—Col. Livingston Brown, John R. Winston, Jos. C. Pinnix, Zach. Dickey, and Geo. N. Thompson.

Davidson—John H. Welborn, Cicero F. Lowe, Dr. Wm. B. Means, and John R. Kean.

Person—Col. John W. Cunningham, Montford McChesne, Henry T. Jordan, and Clem. Satterfield.

Rockingham—Hon. David S. Reid, Jas. W. Barton, Wm. P. Watt, Ham. Lomax, and W. N. Mcbane.

Stokes—J. F. Hill, W. W. King, Thos. Martin, and Benjamin Burnett, of Germantown.

Guilford—John N. Staples, Murray F. Smith, J. R. Ragsdale, Joseph M. Morehead, and Dr. J. R. McLean.

Randolph—Appointments to be made hereafter.

These gentlemen are earnestly requested to take immediate steps for the thorough organization of each township of their respective counties, and to report from time to time to the committee, through Col. J. I. Scales, Secretary, at Greensboro.

By order of the committee,

DANIEL W. COURTS, Chairman.

Assistant Electors for the State at Large.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed in joint meeting of our Committees as Assistant Electors for the State at large, viz:

1st District—Jesse J. Yates, of Hertford.

2nd District—Frederick Phillips, of Edgecombe.

3rd District—C. W. McClammy, of New Hanover.

4th District—Ovide Duppre, of Wake.

5th District—John A. Gilmer, of Guilford.

6th District—Wm. R. Myers, of Mecklenburg.

7th District—S. Trivett, of Ashe.

8th District—James R. Love, Jr., of Jackson.

D. M. BARRINGER, Chairman, State Dem-Con. Ex. Com.

W. S. MASON, Chairman, Lib. Rep. Ex. Com.

Greeley and Grant.

The choice lies between two men, one of whom will be the next President.

The country, under the present administration, has drifted into a deplorable condition—fraud, bribery and corruption being the order of the day—and it is getting from bad to worse rapidly.

Ample time has been given for at least an inauguration of a better state of feeling between the two sections of country, but alas! the signs of the times, under the present political rule, are ominous, anything but encouraging to the true patriot.

In the place of reconciliation, legislation has been of such a nature as to cause still further alienation, and if a change of rulers does not soon take place, and a different policy is not adopted, without providential intervention, the country is irrevocably gone, the experiment of this Republic another failure, and we will have a king to reign over us!

Mr. Greeley is honest and capable, and nothing could be more safe for every public interest, nothing could so surely purify the public service, as the election of Mr. Greeley in this conjuncture.

Then let everybody register, and go to the polls on Tuesday the 5th of November, and vote for the Greeley and Brown electors.

ELECTION Tuesday, November 5th

The Duty of the Day.

We regret very much that our limited space does not permit us to make copious extracts from leading Reform journals of the Northern cities, for the encouragement of our readers. We can assure our friends that the duty of the day, on the 5th of November, is for every man to turn out and go to the polls, and see that his neighbors do the same thing,—that is admitted to be all that is requisite to elect our standard-bearers, Greeley and Brown.—Let not the golden opportunity pass by to rescue the country from impending ruin.

Let no one despair. There are good chances for the election of our candidates, provided we all, to a man, work from now till the day of election, and vote on Tuesday, the 5th of November. We copy an excellent article from the New York World, in another column, which shows that we have no reason to be discouraged, but, on the other hand, much to encourage us to make another pull—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to hurl from power the despotic rulers who have oppressed our people too long already.

Then, once more, friends, to the rescue!

Address of the National Democratic Committee to the People of the United States.

The October elections are over. They enable us to form a tolerably accurate idea of the true political situation of the country.

In Georgia we have to recount a victory for the Liberal ticket so unexampled as to take her out of the list of doubtful States, and practically to pronounce in advance the decision of at least 125 votes in the Electoral College. To this number it is only necessary to add sixty votes to elect Greeley and Brown.

In Pennsylvania the distinguished Chairman of the Liberal Committee has eloquently characterized the methods by which the result of the election there was accomplished. We commend his statement to the thoughtful attention of the country.

In Ohio, despite most unprecedented gains for the Liberal-Democratic ticket, the Grant managers have carried the election by a reduced majority, having brought to the polls their entire reserve vote. Had our Democratic friends in certain localities of that great commonwealth shown the same earnestness and activity, and enabled us like our enemies to record our entire strength, they would now be exulting over a brilliant victory.

In Indiana the Democratic and Liberal forces have achieved a most important success over Pennsylvania tactics most unscrupulously employed by the Administration and its allies, showing thus that a free people when aroused know their rights and dare maintain them. Indiana has fairly demonstrated that she can neither be "bought nor bullied." The moral of these results is that victory is still in plain view for our national ticket, and that energy and courage will assure it. That victory must be won. If we mean to preserve free institutions on this continent we must assure it.

The event in Pennsylvania, on Tuesday last, when considered in its causes, is the most appalling political catastrophe that has ever taken place in this country.—Should the system through which this catastrophe was brought about be condemned by the people and foisted on the other States, it seals the doom of freedom in America! A sad contrast it is surely that the city in which our republic was born amid the anthems of a free people should now be the first to toll the knell of its liberties. It is for the free, unbought people of all the States to calmly review the fearful crime against suffrage in Pennsylvania, and to decide whether it shall be repeated within their own borders.

For the first time the system of free government and the sanctity of the ballot are really on trial in the United States.—From this hour forward the preservation of the franchise in its integrity dwells all other issues.

Let our friends in each of the States catch inspiration from the heroic conduct of our fellow-citizens in Georgia and in Indiana; and from now till November let their struggle be manful and unceasing for liberty and an untainted ballot-box, for Reform and honest Administration for the Government.

AGUSTUS SCHELL, Ch'm. National Democratic Com.

Election Frauds.

Astounding revelations of unheard of election frauds are still being made in various towns in Pennsylvania. Numerous arrests have been made, and the guilt of the accused established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Arrangements are making to guard against similar frauds, if possible, at the Presidential election. Something like locking the door after the horse is stolen.

A full vote,—the one thing needful.

Register and vote.

Becoming Desperate.

The Rads are becoming desperate, and the highest officers of the government are personally engaged in the struggles of the political arena. Senators and members of the House of Representatives are running to and fro through the land electioneering for their master, Grant. Says the New York World:

"The violence of the struggle these men are now making in the face of the American people, indicates not only a love of power, but a fearful looking for of judgment in the prospect of an adverse result."

And in view of recent developments no attentive observer of public events need be any longer affected with surprise at the trepidation and furious zeal of the spoilsman enlisted in the service of the Republican party. These men are painfully conscious that defeat in the pending canvass means for them not only loss of place, but loss of character; not only the suspension of public plunder, but the damning exposure of those hideous corruptions which have made the present Administration a hissing and a byword among many of its former supporters."

Greeley's Platform.

The following are extracts from the People's Platform, adopted at the National Convention assembled in Cincinnati, upon which Horace Greeley stands firmly. We have published the whole series of Resolutions adopted, heretofore.

"Local self-government, with impartial suffrage, will guard the rights of all citizens more surely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order; for the State, self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limits of power."

The Civil Service of the Government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government. We therefore regard such thorough reforms of the Civil Service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment; that the officers of the Government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station become again a post of honor. To this end it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

We demand a system of Federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the Government economically administered, the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate reduction annually of the principal thereof."

Negro Rule.

We have negro rule in this State on account of the disgraceful apathy of a large portion of the white voters.

It is estimated that there are not more than twenty thousand white voters in this State. The negroes received more than ninety thousand votes in August.—This gives him a majority of over seventy-five thousand of the white men. Therefore less than eighty thousand negroes, by the aid of twenty thousand white men, rule the State.

The whites have a majority of at least fifty thousand in North Carolina. From twenty-five to thirty thousand of these remained at home on the 1st day of August. They could have easily elected Judge Merrimon.

All the evils of Radical misrule and corruption could have been prevented, if the white men had performed their duty.

The negroes control the politics of North Carolina because the men who are most deeply interested in her welfare and prosperity refuse to take any part in politics, and allow the radicals to have the management of affairs.

This is shameful! It is a lasting disgrace to the State!— *Raleigh News.*

The Rads rely upon the colored people for success—they will all go to the polls. Let there be a full turnout on our side, and all will be well.

The enterprising publishers of the Aldine have favored us with a complete file from January to October inclusive, of this magnificent Monthly. The engravings are unsurpassed, and the general typographical appearance is unexceptionably good. The North Carolina views, particularly that of "Blowing Rock," are faithfully executed and represent the rugged beauties of our Mountain Scenery to perfection. Specimen copies can be seen at the Bookstore.

The preparations for 1873 are even more extensive than those of the current year, embracing the beautiful Chromos, "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." These pictures are alone worth the subscription price, \$5.

Subscriptions received at the Bookstore.

EDGEMORTH BURNETT—Edgworth Female Seminary in Greensboro was consumed by fire on the morning of the 21st. The fire originated from a spark from one of the chimneys. There is nothing left of the main building but the brick walls. The kitchen and a house in the rear were saved. Insured for \$10,000.

In Chicago, on the 22d, the West Side omnibus stables were burned, with fifty horses. Loss, a half million.

Latest Idaho despatches represent a general Indian outbreak as imminent.

See address of the National Democratic Committee to the people of the United States.

Read the article headed "The Political Situation," carefully.

Fayetteville has an umbrella inventor, Mr. Walter Watson, who has sold his patent to the American Umbrella Company of New York, for a good round sum, retaining a royalty on all sales while the patent lasts. So we are informed by the Eagle.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A comparison of the political situation at the present time with that of four years ago after the October elections must satisfy any candid mind that the prospects of the success of the Democracy are much brighter now than then. The elections which have been held reveal the fact that several States which were for Grant in 1868 are now sure for the other side. At the State election in North Carolina in August preceding the Presidential election of 1868, the Republicans succeeded by 13,000 majority, carrying not only all the State offices, but the Legislature. Now, while we lose the Governor by a small majority through fraud, we have carried the Legislature and secured a United States Senator. No one doubts that North Carolina will now give its electoral vote to Greeley and Brown, whereas four years ago there was not an earthly hope of its being cast against Grant.

The State election in West Virginia in 1868, showed that State to be then hopelessly Republican and sure to cast its electoral vote for Grant. Now it has elected a Greeley man for Governor, and both branches of the Legislature are overwhelmingly Democratic. Its electoral vote, which long prior to the November election of 1868, was visibly sure for Grant, is now visibly sure against him for Greeley and Brown.

At the October election in Georgia in 1868, Bullock, the Republican carpet-bagger, was elected Governor by a trifling less than 10,000 majority. This result taken in connection with the decided Republican majorities at the State elections in North Carolina and West Virginia, indicated very clearly that it was impossible for the Democratic candidate for President to carry any State south of Mason and Dixon's line, with the exception of Kentucky, Delaware and Maryland, for at the last election in Virginia prior to that period that State had also gone Republican. There was then no hope for strength in the Southern States to aid the Democracy to elect their candidate and defeat Grant, and when, therefore, the October elections in the three great Central States of that year showed that they were all Republican, it was proved conclusively that there was no chance for defeating Grant by the votes of Northern States. At this period of the Presidential canvass four years ago it was clear to all that a majority of the Southern and a majority of the Northern States were certain to cast their electoral votes for Grant, and there was no hope of any other result. But now we find a different state of affairs. The elections which have already been held in the Southern States plainly show that instead of being able to rely upon Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware, we can now rely upon the following Southern States casting their electoral votes for Greeley and Brown: Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. Here are fourteen States to be relied upon against Grant, instead of three as was the case four years ago, and with a fair prospect that even Mississippi will also be added to the list, making fifteen States. Thus while the Southern States were nearly all against the Democratic candidate and for Grant four years ago, they are, with the exception of one, possibly two, against Grant now, and will cast their electoral votes for Greeley and Brown.

Thus, which for the situation South—how is it in the Northern States, as they were formerly termed? Maine and Vermont are Republican now as then.—the town elections in Connecticut in October, 1868, revealed a tide for Grant and against the Democracy which was certain to give the vote of that State to the Republican candidate. Now the town elections show a change in the tide there, and give undoubted assurance that the electoral vote of that State will be against Grant this year. Four years ago at this stage of the campaign the six New England States were hopelessly against us. Now Connecticut is sure for Greeley and Brown, which has been Democratic at one of the elections since the last Presidential contest, will also be on the same side.

The three great Central States were all carried by the Republicans at the October elections four years ago—Pennsylvania by about 10,000, Ohio by about 18,000, and Indiana by about 1,000. Now we have redeemed Indiana and reversed the majority for Governor, giving to Mr. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate, a larger majority than the Republican candidate had four years ago, with every assurance that Greeley and Brown will carry that State in November by a handsome majority.—The large gains in Ohio, reducing the Republican majority to about 10,000, plainly show that if the Democracy do their duty there and bring out their full vote in November that State will also give its vote against Grant this year. The changes developed in Ohio and Indiana prove that the Liberal Reform movement has taken a stronger hold in the Northwest than it has in the Eastern States, and give hopes that three or four of the strong Republican States which gave their electoral votes to Grant in 1868 will now be against him. In fact the prospects in Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota are good for Greeley and Brown, while four years ago at this time there was no doubt that they would go for Grant. As to New York, the outlook four years ago was as discouraging as now is hopeful. Then every single State which held an election prior to the Presidential election was carried by the Republicans; yet, with the tide as one way, the elections in the Central States coming up strong against us, the Democracy put forth their energies, and this State was carried both for President and Governor. The Democracy carried the Empire State then, and have held it at every election since have one, and it can be carried more easily this year than in 1868, for the reason that there are at least 50,000 citizens who voted the Republican ticket then who have now declared their purpose to vote against Grant, and have enrolled themselves in Greeley and Brown organizations.

The outlook is, then, far from being discouraging. On the contrary, it is positively encouraging and furnishes good grounds to hope for success. There is a fair prospect of a national triumph for our standard-bearers, despite all the boasts of the Administration party. To win it every Democrat must come up nobly to the work. The cause is worthy of our best efforts. What is wanted now more than anything else is more thorough organization. The time between this and election day should be devoted to that purpose, and in making preparations to get every voter to the polls. The laggards should be brought up. Democrats, put your shoulders to the wheel, push on the work, and on the 5th of November show to the Administration party that they can neither buy, bribe, nor bully a free people.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Register and Vote. TUESDAY November 5th, is the election.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRAUD.

Address from the Liberal State Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

The successful consummation of a measure of fraud in this city, that must appal alike the guilty authors and their no less guilty respectable abettors, has made Philadelphia, appear to give the unexampled majority of over 20,000 in favor of continued corrupt rule in Pennsylvania.

With every channel of power ready to aid in executing the systematic defiance of the popular will; with debauched or pliant canvassers to register 25,000 fraudulent names; with the most desperate repeaters of three cities to vote the registry; with abundance of money, plundered from the people, to pay them; with election officers selected expressly to receive every vote offered in favor of the Ring; with a police force to pilot repeaters to their localities, and protect them in polling illegal votes; with officers of the law to guarantee their immunity from punishment, and with a large preponderance of our citizens, who claim to be the champions of morality and reform, giving their unqualified sanction to what they knew to be a deliberately planned pollution of the ballot-box—the result is but the logical result of the rule that is now supremely enthroned in our city and State.

Nor was the gigantic system of fraud confined to Philadelphia. In the principal cities and towns throughout the State, thousands of illegal votes have been polled. The Liberal cause was thus overwhelmed in Reading, Chester, West Chester, Columbia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and other localities, while the rural districts exhibit large and uniform gains. I am warranted in announcing that the large majority polled for Hartranft is wholly fraudulent.

Friends of good government, let no triumph of lawlessness deter you from giving your best energies to the cause. The highest prerogative of a free people has been violently usurped by insolent and debauched power, and the people must resent it, and resent it promptly, or give unquestioned license to wrong. Now, more than ever in this contest, is the election of Horace Greeley to the Presidency a supreme necessity; if peace and honest government are not to perish from the annals of our history. Right must triumph, sooner or later, and it will yet triumph in this desperate struggle if the people still prove faithful to themselves, to their laws and to their country.

A. K. McCURE.

Chairman of Liberal Rep. Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8, 1872.

Horace Greeley at Baltimore.

Grand Democratic Oration—A Plea for American Unity.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 10.—Horace Greeley delivered an address before the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Society to-day at the Fair Grounds, treating especially on the improvement of worn-out lands. About 12,000 persons were present. To-night there was a grand torchlight procession by the Democratic Clubs of all the wards, which was reviewed by Mr. Greeley. Previous to the passing of the procession Mr. Greeley addressed an immense crowd congregated in front of the Corrollon Hotel, as follows:

CITIZENS OF MARYLAND: I greet you as co-workers in a common cause—the cause of our whole country and every part of it; the cause of every race and every class in that country. I plead for national reconciliation. I plead for the restoration of common rights to every citizen now deprived of them. [Enthusiastic cheering.] I plead for the unity of feeling within which the unity of territory and the unity of government are of small account. Let us be one people—An American people—forgetting our differences, deploring our past calamities, and resolving that we shall evermore be a united and harmonious people. For that cause of national unity and prosperity, I stand and testify.

I beseech you let nothing discourage you to press on to that triumph which will certainly be accorded us, if not in the near future, at a later day. Our cause is just. Let us never doubt then, that a generous people will accord it, and that time shall write our memories green, in that we never despaired of our country, never deserted her, and never wished to make one citizen the enemy of the other at a time when there was too much bitterness, but pleaded for peace and reconciliation. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Let us endeavor to deserve and enjoy that blessing. Friends I cannot reach you with my voice, and therefore will close. [Great cheering.]

London is spoken of as the largest city in the world; as covering one hundred and twenty-two square miles of ground; as being ten miles in length, and over six in breadth, as containing nearly four millions of inhabitants. Still we have no adequate conception of its vastness. We must resort to comparison to comprehend it. The four millions of inhabitants of London, then, exceed the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and Buffalo. To feed this multitude requires, among other items, five millions four hundred thousand barrels of flour, and three million four hundred thousand animals—bullocks, sheep, calves and hogs—for the London markets, irrespective of immense quantities of game and fish. It is almost a nation in itself, this wonderful, gigantic, overgrown giant of a city.

A large cave has been discovered on the farm of Col. George McDonald in Botetown county, Va., about seven miles from Fincastle, which is represented to be equal in attraction to Weyer's Cave, in Augusta. The rooms are large, and are filled with beautiful stalactites, curiosities, &c.

The whole number added, on examination to the Presbyterian Church last year, was 28,758, being an average of six to each congregation.

Cleveland, Ohio, with a population of little more than 100,000, has ninety-five churches.

We are informed that Martin Baynard made his escape from Henderson jail on the 18th inst., the day appointed for his execution. It is said that he changed clothes with his wife who was permitted to see him in the jail, and thus disguised, passed out and got away. So say the Rathford Indicator.

LOCAL ITEMS.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Hon. J. M. Leach, P. F. Duffy and W. W. King, Esq., will address the people at the following times and places in Stokes County, viz:

Spainhour's, Monday, October 28th, Francisco, Tuesday, " 29th, Preston's, Wednesday, " 30th, Come out everybody and hear the important issues of the Campaign.

The following is a list of Native Woods collected and arranged by Henry Fries, Jr., a lad of fifteen years. The list is valuable for reference.

Ash Water	Mulberry, (Multicaulis)
Ash White	Mulberry Paper
Ash Pickley	Mulberry White
Apple	Muscadine
Apple Crab	Maple Ash Leaved
Alder	Sine Bark
Arbor Vita	Oak Black
Birch Red	Oak White
Birch Black	Oak Post
Beech	Oak Spanish
Buttwood	Oak Red
Burning Bush	Oak Willow
Bay Sweet	Old Swamp White
China Tree	Oak Chestnut
Cross Vine	Oak Black Jack
Cypress	Orange Mock
Cucumber	Pine Yellow
Currant	Pine White
Cotton Tree	Peach
Chinquapin	Persimmon
Cherry	Plum
Cherry Wild	Plum Damson
Chestnut	Plum Wild
Cedar Red	Pear
Cedar White	Poplar
Dogwood, 3 varieties	Service Lombarly
Elm, Cork and Slippery	Pawpaw
Elm, common	Privet
Elder	Pine Long Leaf
Gum Sweet	Quince
Gum Black, 2 varieties	Rose
Gooseberry	Raspberry
Grape	Sourwood
Hickory	Spruce Pine
"Curley" Shell Bark	Sumach
Haw Red	Snow Drop Tree
Haw Black	Sassafras
Holly	Service Tree
Hazel	Sycamore
Hazel Witch	Spice Bush
Iron Wood	Strawberry Bush
Ivy	Sweet Shrub
Locust	Sheep Berry
Locust Honey	Thorn
Laurel	Trumpet
Linn White	Walnut White
Maple	Walnut Black
Maple Sugar	Willow Yellow
Maple Curley	Willow Bush
Magnolia	Willow Weeping
Mulberry	Whortleberry

Exotics growing in this section of N. C.

Althoea, Mimosa, Rose, Snowball, Syringa, Smoke Tree, Sperm White, Spirea Purple, Sydnia, Ailanthus, Curley Willow, Cherokee Shrub.

The above collection, with an additional valuable lot of Foreign woods, received a premium of \$5 at State Fair.

Mr. W. F. Shultz, handed us a list of his collection of native woods, which took the premium of \$10 at the State Fair. The varieties are the same as in above list, with several additions. We return thanks for both lists, and will preserve them for future use.

Mr. Shultz's elegant lot of varnished native woods attracted much attention, and were much admired.

State Fair.

The following premiums were awarded to citizens of Salem, and neighborhood:

W. F. SHULTZ.

Italian Bees, \$15 00; best specimen of Honey, in comb, \$5 00; best specimen Nestfoot Oil, \$3 00; best Desk, of native wood, \$10 00; best Center Table, \$5 00; best Pier Table, \$5 00; best Bureau, \$10 00; best Chair for Invalid, bronze medal or \$5 00; best Cradle for children, \$3 00; best Rocking Chair, \$3 00; best specimen Parlor Chairs, \$3 00; best Toilet Table, \$3 00; best Inclosed Washstand, \$3 00; Ottoman, \$2 00; best Footstool, \$2 00; best Piano Stool, \$2 00; best collection of Cabinet Work, \$15 00; best panel Door, \$3 00; best Pressed Brick, made in the State, \$3 00; best Red Brick, made in the State, \$2 00; box Tallow Candles, \$3 00; three small Rocking Chairs, \$3 00; best collection of Native Woods, \$10 00; this collection embraces 117 varieties, besides 12 varnished specimens, showing their value for cabinet work.

J. P. NIXSEN.

Best Four-horse Road Wagon, \$15 00; best two-horse Road Wagon, \$10 00; best one-horse Road Wagon, \$5 00; best Fruit Ladder, \$5 00; best Extension Ladder, \$5 00.

C. STRAUSS & SON, Clemmonsville, N. C.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 4.

Poetry.

There Never was an Earthly Dream.

There never was an earthly dream,
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sun's rays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its way.

There never was a glad bright eye
But it was dimmed with tears,
Caused by such grief as ever dawns
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower,
'Tis withered soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not in this changing world
Pain, misery for its dower.
The laurel on the brow had hid
From many a careless eye
The secret of the soul within
Its bright agony.

There never was there cannot be
On earth a precious spring,
Whose water to the fabled hip
Unfading may bring
All changes on that troubled shore,
Or passeth from the sight;
O, for the world where joy and peace
Reigns as eternal light.

Humorous.

A Dilemma.

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry with him a phial of Cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met, and at dinner a tall Hoesier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that red salt, for I'm kind of curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoesier took the proffered phial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth.

It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "Fire."

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, snuffing the action to the word.

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'V'aralist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Well, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches pockets?"

How Hans Got Even.

Once on a time there lived a jovial Dutchman, whose name was Hans Von Shrimptel. He had a wife. And he had also a little grocery where beer and such personal property were sold. He gave credit to a parcel of day customers, and kept his book with a piece of white chalk on the head board of the bedstead.

One day Mrs. Shrimptel, during a neat fit, took herself to clean the house and things. So she did, and she cleaned the head-board, and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts by wiping away every chalk-mark.

Pretty soon, before long, the old vendor of things came into the house, and saw what a ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Frau Shrimptel, what for you make a ruined man of me. I guess not! You make wipe away all dem names and figures what I owe them fellers, what's going to pay before they get ready, and I lose more as zwie hundred dollars?"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned he had recovered the head board with chalk marks. Then she said:

"Hans, you have made them all right, don't it?"

"Well, mein teurer frau, I make the figures all right, but I put down some pet names as dem old fellers you wiped out."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina. The doctor was a small man, and lean, but hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots. He looked as though he might be tough, but did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, as agile as a cat, and in addition, was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art."

Well, in the Freshman Class of a certain year was a burly beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potent in his rule.

Poor Jones, that is what we call him, had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man who he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the old man a genteel private thrashing, some night, in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for a fellow-student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly:

"Hello, Smith! you rascal!"

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at that they went weight and muscle made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was astraddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heaven's sake, doctor," he groaned. I really thought it was Smith."

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately:

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.

R. T. CRAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WINSTON, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Forsyth, and adjoining counties.
Collection of claims promptly attended to.
Jan. 11, 1872.

THE COMPLEXION OF THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

As our readers are interested in ascertaining, we give below the members of the next Legislature, with our majorities as far as heard from:

SENATE.

1st District. Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Hertford, Gates, Chowan, Perquimans, 2; Jno. L. Chamberlain, C. W. Grandy, Jr., Reps.

2nd. Tyrrell, Washington, Martin, Dare, Beaufort and Hyde, 2; J. B. Respass, H. E. Stille, Reps.

3rd. Northampton and Bertie, 1; Holmway, Rep.

4th. Halifax, 1; Henry Eppes, Rep.

5th. Edgecombe, 1; Alexander McCabe, Rep.

6th. Pitt, 1; Jacob McCotter.

7th. Wilson, Nash and Franklin, 2; Jno. W. Dunham, Wm. K. Davis, Cons.

8th. Craven, 1; A. S. Seymour, Rep.

9th. Jones, Onslow and Carteret, 1; G. Scott, Con.

10th. Wayne and Duplin, 2; Wm. A. Allen, Lott W. Humphrey, Cons.

11th. Lenoir and Green, 1; Richard W. King, Rep.

12th. New Hanover, 1; Geo. L. Mabson, Rep.

13th. Brunswick and Bladen, 1; Hill, Rep.

14th. Sampson, 1; Dr. C. Tate Murphy, Con.

15th. Columbus and Robeson, 1; John W. Ellis, Con.

16th. Cumberland and Harnett, 1; Wm. C. Troy, Con.

17th. Johnson, 1; Wm. H. Avera, Con.

18th. Wake, 1; James H. Harris, Rep.

19th. Warren, 1; John A. Hyman, Rep.

20th. Person, Caswell and Orange, 2; Jno. W. Norwood, Jno. W. Cunningham, Cons.

21st. Granville, 1; Bourbon Smith, Rep.

22nd. Chatham, 1; R. J. Powell, Rep.

23rd. Rockingham, 1; James T. Morehead, Con.

24th. Alamance and Guilford, 2; James T. Morehead, Jr., W. J. Murray, Cons.

25th. Randolph and Moore, 1; Dr. J. M. Worth, Con.

26th. Richmond and Monery, 1; R. T. Long, Rep.

27th. Anson and Union, 1; C. M. T. McCauley, Con.

28th. Cabarrus and Stanly, 1; Barnhardt, Con.

29th. Mecklenburg, 1; R. P. Waring, Con.

30th. Rowan and Davie, 1; Chas. Price, Con.

31st. Davidson, 1; John T. Craemer, Rep.

32nd. Stokes and Forsyth, 1; John M. Stafford, Con.

33d. Surry and Yadkin, 1; A. C. Cowles, Con.

34th. Iredell, Wilkes and Alexander, 2; Thos. A. Nicholson, Phineas Horton Cons.

35th. Alleghany, Ashe and Watauga, 1; J. W. Todd, Con.

36th. Caldwell, Burke, McDowell, Mitchell and Yancey, 2; W. W. Flemming, J. M. Guder, Cons.

37th. Catawba and Lincoln, 1; Dr. Jas. B. Ellis, Con.

38th. Gaston and Cleveland, 1; Dr. W. J. T. Miller, Con.

39th. Rutherford and Polk, 1; Martin Walker, Rep.

40th. Buncombe and Madison, 1; Jas. H. Merrimon, Con.

41st. Haywood, Henderson and Transylvania, 1; W. P. Welsh, Con.

42nd. Jackson, Swain, Macon, Cherokee, Clay and Graham, 1; Dr. W. L. Love, Con.

Those marked * are colored. Senators from the following districts are re-elected: 4th, 6th, Mr. Allen in the 10th, 11th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 23d, 25th, 26th, 33d, Mr. Flemming in the 36th, 40th, 42nd. Total 14.

The following were members of the last House of Representatives: Messrs. Chamberlain, Dunham, Scott, Mabson, Powell, McCauley, Waring, Nicholson, Welch, Total 9.

Conservatives 32. Republicans 18. Conservative majority 14.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Alamance, — Gant, Con.

Alexander, Dr. J. Carson, Ind.

Alleghany, A. M. Bryan, Con.

Arson, Col. R. T. Bennett, Con.

Ashe, Squire Tivett, Rep.

Beaufort, Samuel Carson, Con.

Bertie, F. C. Miller, Rep.

Bladen, A. F. Perry, Rep.

Brunswick, J. H. Brooks, rep.

Buncombe, T. D. Johnson and David Blackwell, Cons.

Burke, P. A. Warlick, Con.

Cabarrus, Thomas J. Shinn, Con.

Caldwell, Ed. Jones, Con.

Camden, Simon A. Jones, Rep.

Carteret, Silas Webb, Rep.

Caswell, Geo. Rowe, Thomas J. Foster, Reps.

Catawba, R. B. B. Houston, Con.

Chatham, Jno. M. Moring, O. Hanna, Cons.

Cherokee, B. K. Dickey, Con.

Chowan, John L. Winslow, Rep.

Clay, J. S. Anderson, Con.

Cleveland, John W. Gidney, Con.

Columbus, V. V. Richardson, Con.

Craven, E. K. Dudley, J. B. Abbott, Reps.

Cumberland, T. S. Lutterloh, Rep, G. W. Bullard, Con.

Currituck, J. M. Woodhouse, Con.

Davidson, J. T. Brown, John Michael Reps.

Davie, Charles Anderson, Con.

Duplin, John D. Stanford, Con.

Dare, Oliver N. Gray, Rep.

Edgecombe, W. O. Mabson, Willis Benn, Reps.

Forsyth, Dr. W. H. Wheeler, Rep.

Franklin, John H. Williamson, Rep.

Gaston, Wm. A. Stowe, Con.

Gates, B. H. Ballard, Con.

Granville, H. T. Hughes, R. G. Sneed, Reps.

Graham, Greene, John Patrick, Rep.

Guilford, Joseph Gilman, Con.

Halifax, J. J. Goodwyn, Rep.

Harnett, J. R. Grady, Con.

Haywood, H. P. Haynes, Con.

Henderson, James Plythe, Rep.

Hertford, James Sharpe, Rep.

Hyde, Wm. S. Carter, Con.

Iredell, Shina Turner, Con.

Johnston, W. H. Joyner, Jesse Hinnant, Cons.

Jones, Jacob Scott, Rep.

Lenoir, Stephen Lassiter, Rep.

Lincoln, A. J. Morrisette, Con.

Macon, J. L. Robinson, Con.

Madison, H. A. Guder, Con.

Martin, J. E. Moore, con. contested.

McDowell, Dr. Freeman, con.

Mecklenburg, John E. Brown, S. W. Reid, Cons.

Mitchell, J. W. Bowman, Rep.

Montgomery, Allen Jordan, Rep.

Moore, Dr. Shaw, con.

Nash, John E. Lindsey, Con.

New Hanover, Jas. Houston, Wm. McCauley, Alfred Lloyd, Reps.

Northampton. Barton H. Jones, rep.

Onslow, J. W. Shackelford, Con.

Orange, Dr. Price Jones, Jones Watson, Cons.

Pasquotank, F. N. Godfrey, Rep.

Perquimans, J. R. Darden, Rep.

Person, Montfort McGohee, Con.

Pitt, Wm. P. Bryan, Guilford Cox, Reps.

Polk, N. B. Hampton, Rep.

Randolph, J. W. Bean, H. Frazier, Reps.

Richmond, Robert Fletcher, Rep.

Robeson, W. S. Norment, Thomas A. McNeill, Cons.

Rockingham, David Settle, Dr. A. B. Johns, Cons.

Rowan, Dr. F. N. Luckey, Kerr Craige, Cons.

Rutherford, Eli Whisnant, Rep.

Sampson, J. R. Maxwell, Bryant, Cons.

Stanly, S. J. Pemberton, Con.

Stokes, J. H. Mitchell, Con.

Surry, H. M. Wagh, Con.

Swain, T. D. Bryson, con.

Transylvania, F. J. Whitmore, Con.

Tyrrell, Dr. E. Ransom, Rep.

Union, Lemuel Presson, con.

Wake, R. C. Badger, Jno. C. Gorman, R. S. Perry, Stewart Ellison, Reps.

Warren, Geo. H. King, J. W. H. Paschall, Reps.

Washington, D. C. Guyther, rep.

Watauga, Jos. Tod, con.

Wayne, John C. Rhodes, E. G. Copeland, Reps.

Wilkes, Thos. J. Dula, A. C. Bryan, Reps.

Wilson, H. C. Moss, Con.

Yadkin, J. G. Marler, Rep.

Yancey, J. C. Byrd, con.

Democrats 65, Republicans 54, and 1 Independent.

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